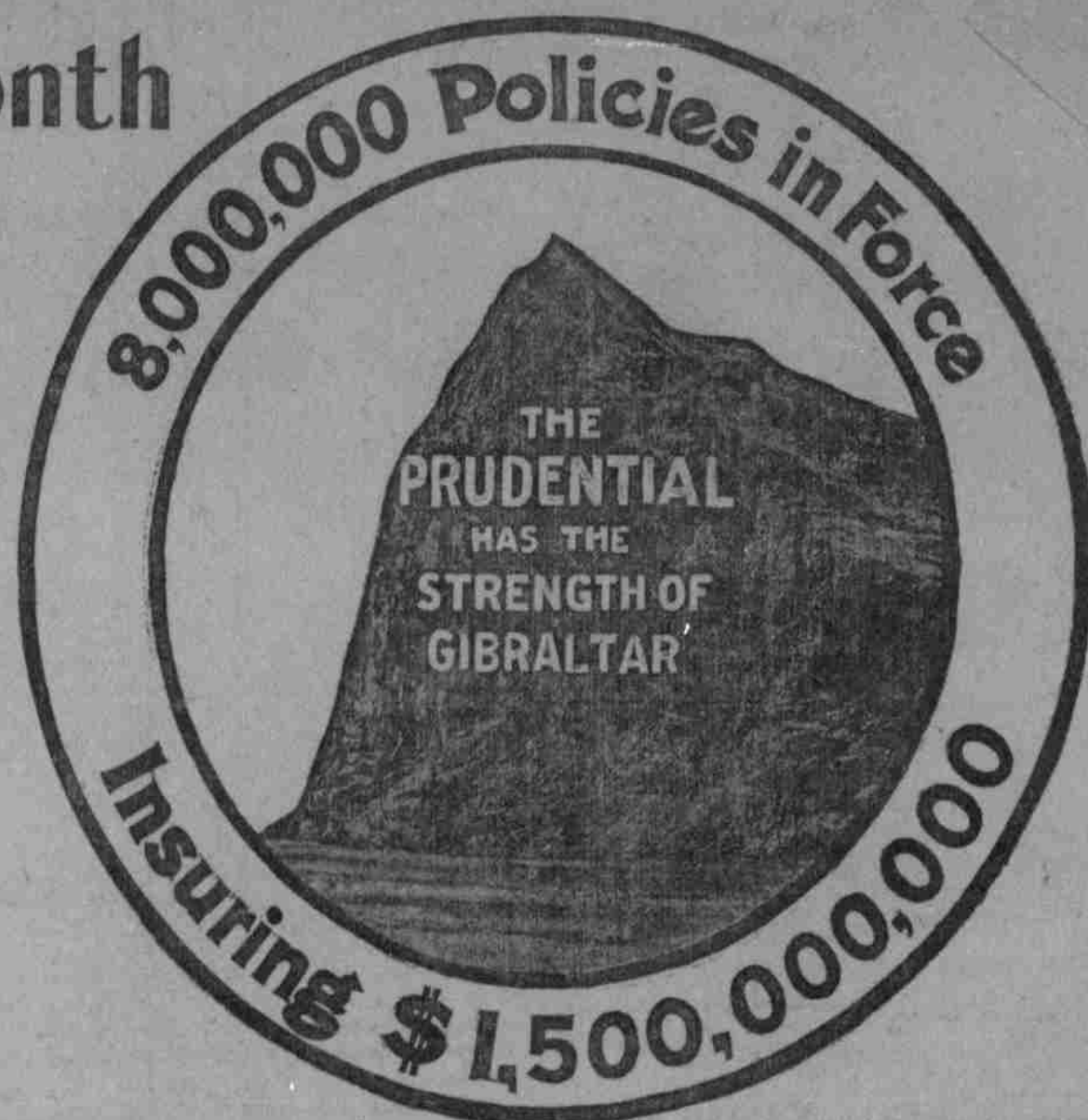


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Prudential Agents are now canvassing in this vicinity. They have a most vital story to tell of how Life Insurance has saved the home, protected the widow, and educated the children. Let them tell it to you.

### HOW HE GOT AWAY.

By T. ANTHONY TWING.

Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.  
What's that story, Nevins, about escape from Morro castle during the Spanish-American war?

"Never escaped from Morro castle," he said, "you escaped from somewhere, didn't you?"

"I was captured while on duty by a troop of Spanish cavalry. Captain didn't want to be bothered with me, so he left me with an old Cuban named Campanoni, a small farmer, telling him that he would be back that way in a few days and if he didn't find me he would burn the house and tear up the little garden patch which contained all the farmer had to live on for a year."

"Well, the captain didn't find you when he came back, did he?"

"No, he didn't."

"You laid a plan, I'm told."

"No, I didn't lay a plan, though I had plenty of time. I was principally engaged killing it—the time—with my pen. You know Spaniards are the most inveterate gamblers in the world, and Campanoni beat all the rest of them."

"I had a little loose change when I was captured, and he won it. Then he won my garments one after the other. He played fair too, and watched him closely and never could

detect a bit of crookedness. In fact, he was awfully scrupulous in giving me every advantage. I played fair, too, when it came to playing for articles such as clothes, money, my watch and all that, but I'll admit there was one thing I didn't play fair about. You see—what do you suppose put into my head a way to get out of his clutches?"

"What?"

"Some bones and a lead pipe."

"Explain."

"You don't see any connection between the two, do you? But there was. The old man was very fond of shaking dice. I taught him poker dice and he went wild over the game. He was ready to play for anything he had, but I hadn't anything to put up that is, nothing available, though had plenty of money in bank at home. Singular how funny it is the way ideas pop into people's heads. I had borrowed my father's dice one day to relieve the tedium, for I hadn't a book or a newspaper even in dago language and, suddenly looking up, noticed the lead water pipe running through the room. See?"

"See? No. Go on."

"Dice and lead meant loaded dice to me. That meant freedom. I would draw my check for a lot of money and play it against myself with loaded dice. Sure thing."

"But not exactly square."

"I don't pretend it was. Didn't I tell you that I played fair in everything except one? Well, that was too impos-

sible to play fair about, though the old man didn't lose anything in the end, as I will explain later. I first began to tell him about my bank up in the States and held my possessions up before him long enough to get his curiosity on the rampage. Meanwhile of nights I was chipping the lead pipe, digging little holes in the dice and stuffing in the lead. Campanoni lent me a little awl, never even asking what I wanted it for. He was no jailer, simply a farmer."

"I should think you could have escaped from such a man."

"Escape! He never took his eyes off me in the day and locked me in safe at night. You see, I was a mortgage on his home to be foreclosed if not produced. Well, when I'd filled the bones I asked for pen and paper, wrote an order for \$2,000—more than twice what the farm was worth—and offered to stake it against my liberty. My father held out just five minutes."

"We sat down to a game of poker dice. I'd practiced rolling them, and, knowing just where I'd put the lead, I could do pretty much what I wanted with them. Whenever he'd get a full I'd get four of a kind, and he got 'fulls' pretty often, for the dice rolled nearly as well for him as for me. I didn't beat him so bad, after all. But I beat him, and I saw that he was horrified at what he had done. He was sure everything would be destroyed when the captain came back. I asked him how much he would lose, and he told me a thousand dollars. He hadn't

\$500 in the world—house, farm and produce—but I was so glad to get out of it, besides needing a salvo for my conscience, that I drew him a check for the thousand and made him a present of it. He was a confiding old fool or he wouldn't have considered it worth the bit of paper it was written on, but he never doubted and got his money too. He was as honorable as he was confiding. You see, it was the gambler in him. He considered gambling the most honorable occupation in the world and would have scorned to take the slightest advantage of his enemy in a game, though he would have cheated him out of the gold in his teeth in a bargain."

"He let me go, and I wasn't long in making my way back to camp. Who should I see there among some prisoners captured that very day but the captain who had captured me. I took particular pains that he should neither escape nor be exchanged till the war was over. I didn't want him going back to foreclose me on old Campanoni's farm."

"It seems to me you took an unnecessary trouble. Why didn't you bribe the farmer to let you go?"

"What with?"

"A check."

"Rats! He wouldn't have taken my check if I hadn't got him started through his hands for gambling. I had to work on him by degrees."

Hold your tongue and you will pass for a philosopher.—Italian Proverb.

### SAVED WIFE AND INFANT

But Witham K. Dunton Lost  
His House

### IN FIRE EARLY SUNDAY

Loss Near Rutland Yesterday Was \$3,000, with Insurance of \$2,500.

House Was Burned to the Ground.

Rutland, Dec. 13.—The farm house of William K. Dunton on the Proctor road, about two and a half miles from this city, was destroyed by fire early Sunday morning. Mr. Dunton arose about one o'clock yesterday morning and put a chunk of wood into the stove. He was awakened about three o'clock by a crackling sound and hurrying to the upper part of the house, found the attic to be all ablaze. He succeeded in getting Mrs. Dunton and their five-weeks-old baby out safely, but was able to save practically none of their effects. The house was burned to the ground.

The fire is supposed to have started from a defective chimney. The loss is placed at \$3,000 and the insurance amounted to \$2,500. A collie dog, of which the family were very fond, rushed back into the burning house after it had been rescued and was burned to death.

### FIRE IN RACINE.

Damage of \$110,000 Yesterday When Many Buildings Burned.

Racine, Wis., Dec. 13.—Fire yesterday destroyed the buildings of the Racine Manufacturing company, causing a loss of \$80,000, partly insured. Other structures adjoining, including 14 residences and a warehouse of the Mitchell Lewis Wagon company, were destroyed or damaged, with an additional loss of \$30,000.

### DAVID T. IRISH DEAD.

Prominent Shelburne Resident Passes Away After Short Illness.

Shelburne, Dec. 13.—David T. Irish died at his home here yesterday, after a short illness, death being due to pneumonia. He was 75 years old. He was the general agent of several express companies in Montreal for many years. He was a prominent and forceful character. The burial will take place Wednesday at Charlotte, his native town. The deceased leaves a widow and two daughters.

### MAN DROPPED DEAD.

Benjamin Flanders, Paroled Prisoner from House of Correction.

Rutland, Dec. 13.—Benjamin Flanders, aged 51 years, an employee at the house of correction, dropped dead about 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon, as he entered the doorway leading to the office of Dr. C. W. Strobel on Merchants' Row. There was a rumor about Saturday afternoon that the man's death was suicide, but Health Officer C. F. Ball stated that Flanders was examined not long ago and was known to have a weak heart.

Flanders drove uptown from the house of correction with another employee of the institution. The man felt sick and Dr. C. F. LaPointe, who was called to attend him, was about to go into a drug store to get Flanders some medicine, when the man dropped dead at the foot of the stairway, where he had gone in order to sit down. Dr. Ball was immediately notified of the death and was soon on hand. At his orders, the remains were taken to the undertaking rooms of John B. Stearns.

Mr. Flanders was a paroled prisoner of the house of correction. He was sentenced by the Rutland city court to serve from six to twelve months for lewdness and completed the short time sentence December 8, remaining in the institution as an employee since that time. He was born in Shrewsbury and had lived for a number of years in this city. He was employed at two different times at the plant of the F. R. Patch Manufacturing company. He has a brother, Elmer Flanders, in Ludlow. He also has relatives in Pittsburg, Pa.

### RUTLAND WOMAN'S DEATH.

Miss Lucy A. Traynor Died Saturday at Home of Sister.

Rutland, Dec. 13.—Miss Lucy A. Traynor of West Rutland, for the last three years employed in the bookkeeping department of the New England Telephone

& Telegraph company here, died Saturday at the home of her sister, Mrs. John J. Kiese, in this city, of hemorrhage of the brain.

She underwent a difficult surgical operation for a complication of diseases three weeks ago, and until last Sunday it was believed she would recover. Miss Traynor was a native of Fair Haven and had lived there and in West Rutland and this city most of her life. She was a member of the society of the Children of Mary of St. Bridget's church, West Rutland. She is survived by her mother, four sisters and a brother.

### WOMAN FOUND DEAD.

Neighbors Found Body of a 70-year-old Recluse.

Castleton, Dec. 13.—Breaking into the home of Miss Ellen Downey, a 70-year-old recluse, Dr. F. H. Everett and John I. Fennell, first selectman, Saturday found the aged woman lying dead on her bed, fully dressed. A small lamp was burning.

The fact that no smoke arose from Miss Downey's chimney Saturday had aroused the anxiety of neighbors, who asked Mr. Fennell to investigate. Miss Downey apparently was a victim of heart failure, the seizure coming just as she was about to retire Thursday night. She is survived by a brother, Jack Downey, who resides in Maine. The funeral was held at St. John's Catholic church yesterday afternoon.

### MADE ROPE OF SHEET.

Mrs. Frank Ladoo of South Bristol Hangs Herself to Banister Rail.

Bristol, Dec. 13.—Mrs. Frank Ladoo of South Bristol, aged 60 years, committed suicide early Saturday morning by hanging herself to a banister rail by a rope made of a sheet. She had been in poor health for a year and had been seeking quietly for some time. Mrs. Ladoo is survived by her husband.

## A Significant Fact

No other medicine for woman's ills has any such professional endorsement as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has received, in the unqualified recommendation of each of its several ingredients by scores of leading medical men of all the schools of practice. Is such an endorsement not worthy of your consideration? Is it not a significant fact too that

### Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

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The formula of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will bear the most critical examination of medical experts, for it contains no alcohol, narcotics, harmful, or habit-forming drugs, and no agent enters into it that is not highly recommended by the most advanced and leading medical teachers and authorities of their several schools of practice. These authorities recommend the ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the cure of exactly the same ailments for which this world-famed medicine is advised.

A booklet of ingredients, with numerous authoritative professional endorsements by the leading medical authorities of this country, will be mailed free to any one sending name and address with request for same. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

It's foolish—often dangerous to accept a substitute of unknown composition in place of this time-tried medicine of known composition. Don't do it. Insist on getting what you ask for.



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